

# CAPTAIN BRITAIN™

ANNUAL 1978







THE NEWEST--AND GREATEST--SUPERHERO OF ALL!

# CAPTAIN BRITAIN

ANNUAL 1978



## CONTENTS

Captain Britain .....	5
From the Holocaust . . . A Hero! .....	13
Mayhem on a Monday Morning! .....	22
Hour of the Hurricane! .....	31
Captain Britain Has Been Beaten! .....	39
Havoc at Heathrow! .....	47
Wind of Death! .....	55
Pin-ups .....	12,21,30,38,46 and 54

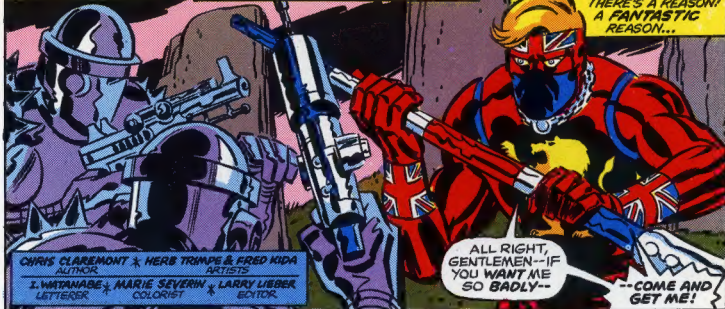
Copyright © MCMLXXVII by Marvel Comics International Ltd.  
All rights reserved throughout the world.  
Published in Great Britain by  
World Distributors (Manchester) Limited.  
A Member of the Pentos Group,  
P.O. Box 111, 12 Lever Street, Manchester M60 1TS.  
Printed in Spain.  
SBN 7235 0456 3



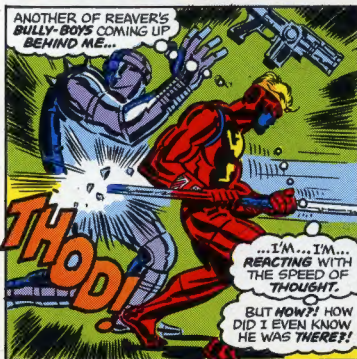
SINCE EVERY  
HERO'S STORY MUST  
START SOMEWHERE...

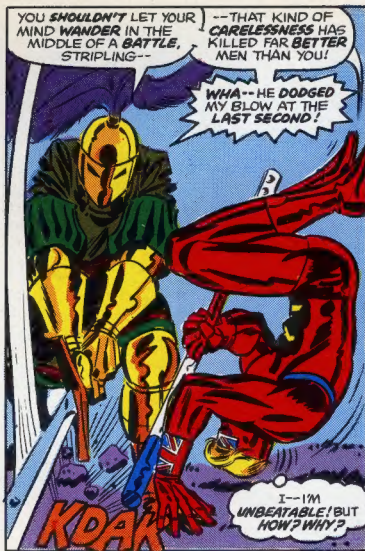
OURS OPENS IN THE REMOTE FASTNESS  
OF THE CHEVIOT HILLS, JUST SOUTH OF  
THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

ACTUALLY, WE SEEM TO BE  
STARTING IN THE MIDDLE  
OF OUR TALE... BUT  
THERE'S A REASON!  
A FANTASTIC  
REASON...



CHRIS CLAREMONT \* HERB TRIMPE & FRED KIDA  
AUTHOR ARTISTS  
J. WYMANABE \* MARIE SEVERIN \* LARRY LIEBER  
LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR





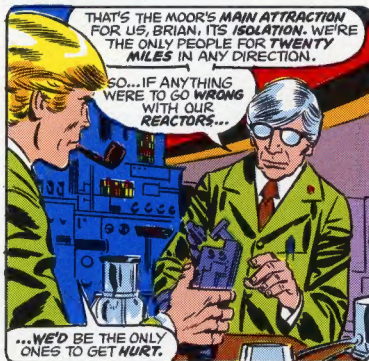


**MEMORIES...TUCKED IN BETWEEN THE HARSH GRUNTS AND STRAINING MUSCLES OF A BATTLE TO THE DEATH...**

**THE MOOR WAS A PLACE OF FAERY RINGS AND THE OLD GODS, OF SPRITES AND ELVES, AND HAUNTED WOODS, A PLACE OF LEGENDS...AND ANCIENT POWER...**

**DARKMOOR RESEARCH CENTRE-- 22:58 HRS...DARKMOOR, A TOP SECRET NUCLEAR COMPLEX, HALF-HIDDEN ON THE LONELY MOOR!**

**BUT THE OLD STORIES--AND OLDER FEARS--HAD MADE DARKMOOR A DESOLATE PLACE AS WELL...**



THAT'S THE MOOR'S MAIN ATTRACTION FOR US, BRIAN, ITS ISOLATION. WE'RE THE ONLY PEOPLE FOR TWENTY MILES IN ANY DIRECTION.

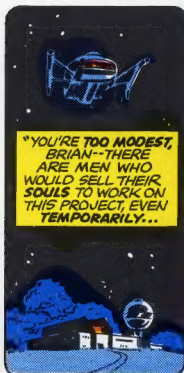
SO...IF ANYTHING WERE TO GO WRONG WITH OUR REACTORS...

...WE'D BE THE ONLY ONES TO GET HURT.



BY THE WAY, I'M VERY PLEASED WITH THE WAY YOU'RE WORKING OUT AS MY ASSISTANT...

BUT IT'S ONLY TEMPORARY, DR. TRAVIS, UNTIL THE NEW TERM BEGINS AT THAMES UNIVERSITY.



"YOU'RE TOO MODEST, BRIAN--THERE ARE MEN WHO WOULD SELL THEIR SOULS TO WORK ON THIS PROJECT, EVEN TEMPORARILY..."



"...JUST AS THERE ARE MEN WHO WOULD KILL TO LEARN OUR SECRETS."



"BECAUSE DARKMOOR CENTRE'S ON THE THRESHOLD OF DEVELOPING A PRACTICAL, SAFE FUSION REACTOR SYSTEM..."



"...ONE THAT WILL SOLVE THE WORLD'S ENERGY CRISIS OVERNIGHT."

"MAKE NO MISTAKE, BRIAN; WE'RE PLAYING FOR VERY HIGH STAKES, AND THE GAME IS WINNER-TAKE-ALL."

QUITE TRUE, DR. TRAVIS. SUCH A PITY THERE ARE ALWAYS PEOPLE ALL TOO WILLING TO STACK THE DECK IN THEIR FAVOUR.

...BY ANY MEANS POSSIBLE.

DR. TRAVIS--  
DID YOU HEAR  
THAT SOUND?! IT'S  
COMING FROM  
OUTSIDE!

BRIAN--LOOK  
AT THE WALL!

WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?!

IT SOUNDS LIKE  
SHOOTING!

SIMPLE, DR. TRAVIS--THE  
VILLAINS ARE MAKING  
THEIR ENTRANCE...

**SKB RAM!**

ASSAULT TEAMS  
"A" AND "B"--PROCEED  
TO YOUR OBJECTIVES  
AND NEUTRALIZE ALL  
RESISTANCE!

GAS THE SCIENTISTS!  
PUT THEM ABOARD THE  
HOVERCRAFT! WHEN  
THEY AWAKE, THESE  
WORTHY GENTLEMEN  
WILL NO LONGER  
SERVE THE CROWN...

THEY WILL SERVE  
JOSHUA STRAGG  
--THE  
**REAPER!**

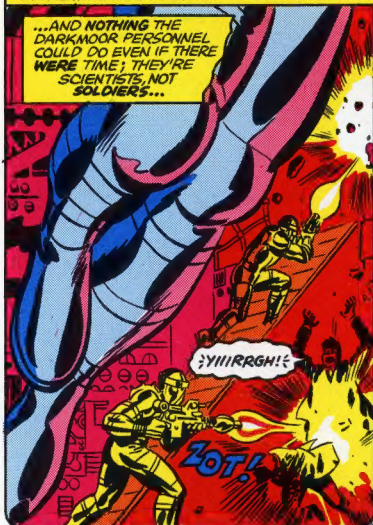
YOU HEARD THE  
BOSS. NOW, MOVE IT!  
CAUSE IF YOU'RE LATE,  
YOU'RE LEFT BEHIND.  
AND IF YOU'RE LEFT  
BEHIND--

--YOU'RE DEAD!



THERE'S **NO TIME** TO RESIST THE ASSAULT AS THE REAVER'S MEN SWARM THROUGH THE COMPLEX...

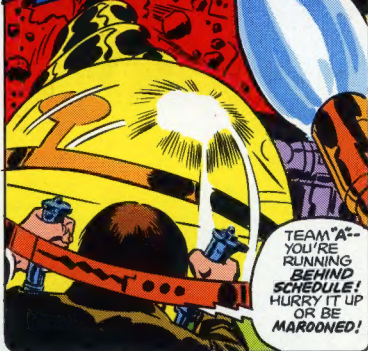
...AND NOTHING THE DARKMOOR PERSONNEL COULD DO EVEN IF THERE WERE TIME; THEY'RE SCIENTISTS, NOT SOLDIERS...



THERE'S NOT EVEN A PLACE TO HIDE--BECAUSE ANY WALL **TOO STRONG** FOR HIS MEN TO HANDLE...

...THE REAVER HIMSELF, BLASTS DOWN!

**ZBAM!**



THEIR LEADER IS STRAGG. I DON'T KNOW HOW HE GOT HIS MEN PAST OUR SECURITY, BUT HE DID!

NOW OUR ONLY CHANCE TO PREVENT THIS MASS KIDNAPPING IS TO GET HELP! WE'VE GOT TO--



HE'S STUNNED--LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT TO USE THE SMOKE AND CONFUSION AS COVER--

AND MAKE A BREAK FOR THAT HOLE IN THE WALL TO THE CARPARK BEYOND. I ONLY PRAY THERE'S TOO MUCH GOING ON FOR THE REAVER'S MEN TO SHOOT STRAIGHT.







"I WHO AM THE BEAUTY OF THE GREEN EARTH AND THE WHITE MOON AMONGST THE STARS AND THE MYSTERY OF THE WATERS, AND THE DESIRE OF THE HEART OF MAN, I CALL UNTO THY SOUL TO ARISE AND COME UNTO ME..."



"FOR I AM THE SOUL OF NATURE WHO GIVETH LIFE TO THE UNIVERSE; FROM ME ALL THINGS PROCEED..."



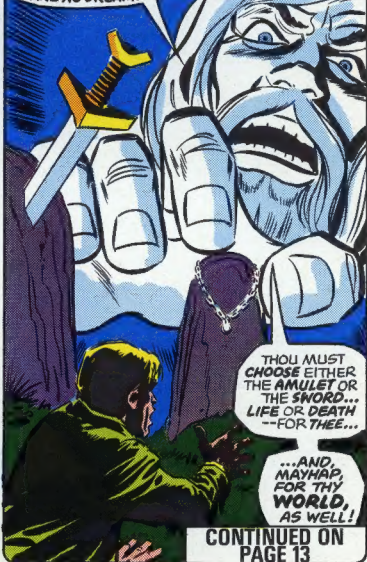
WELCOME TO THE SIEGE PERILOUS, BRIAN BRADDOCK --WELCOME HOME.



BE SILENT, MORTAL--THOU HAST NOT BEEN GIVEN LEAVE TO SPEAK.



HEARKEN UNTO ME, BRIAN BRADDOCK, FOR I, AND THE LADY OF THE NORTHERN SKIES, ARE NO DREAM.





The order changeth time  
and again... but  
**THE AVENGERS**  
**KEEP MARCHING ON!**



**Stan Lee**  
PRESENTS:

# CAPTAIN BRITAIN!

CHRIS CLAREMONT  
AUTHOR

HERB TRIMPE & FRED KIDA  
ARTISTS

J. WATANABE, LETTERER  
MARK SAEVER, COLORIST

LARRY LIEBER  
EDITOR

## FROM THE HOLOCAUST... A HERO!

THE TIME IS MIDNIGHT, THE PLACE, DARKMOOR--A DESOLATE PATCH OF GROUND SET DEEP WITHIN NORTHAMPTON AND ITS CHEVIOT MILLS.

THE YOUNG MAN IS BRIAN BRADDOCK, A UNIVERSITY STUDENT, WHO, MINUTES BEFORE, SAW HIS COLLEAGUES FROM THE DARKMOOR ATOMIC RESEARCH CENTRE KIDNAPPED BY JASON STRAGG--THE REAVER!

ONLY BRIAN ESCAPED THE RAID--AND FROM THAT MOMENT ON, HE'S BEEN A MAN CAUGHT IN A NIGHTMARE!

CHOOSE, BRIAN BRADDOCK: THE AMULET OR THE SWORD--THE POWER OF LIFE OR THAT OF DEATH--FOR THEE...

...AND MAYHAP, FOR THY WORLD, AS WELL!

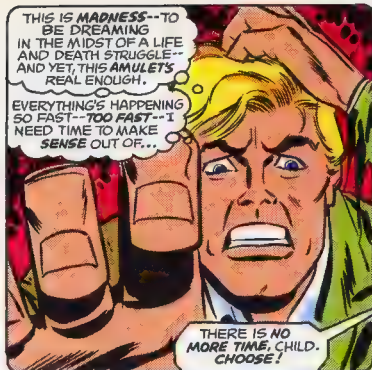
REAVER'S MEN--  
THEY'RE ALL AROUND  
ME! I'VE NO PLACE  
LEFT TO RUN...

THERE'S  
THE BOY!

GRAB HIM!  
I'LL HAVE THE HIDE  
OFF ANYONE WHO  
LETS HIM GET AWAY  
AGAIN!

DON'T KNOW WHAT  
TO DO... SO HARD TO  
THINK WITH THESE  
VOICES POUNDING INSIDE  
MY HEAD, COMMANDING  
ME TO CHOOSE--!

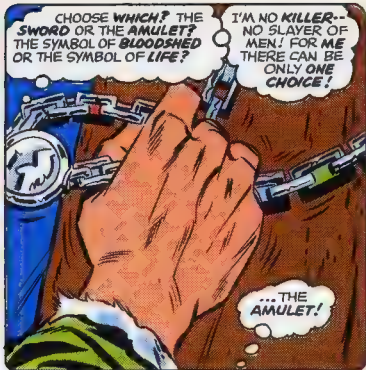




THIS IS MADNESS--TO  
BE DREAMING  
IN THE MIDST OF A LIFE  
AND DEATH STRUGGLE--  
AND YET, THIS AMULET'S  
REAL ENOUGH.

EVERYTHING'S HAPPENING  
SO FAST--TOO FAST--I  
NEED TIME TO MAKE  
SENSE OUT OF...

THERE IS NO  
MORE TIME, CHILD.  
CHOOSE!



CHOOSE WHICH? THE  
SWORD OR THE AMULET?  
THE SYMBOL OF BLOODSHED  
OR THE SYMBOL OF LIFE?

I'M NO KILLER--  
NO SLAYER OF  
MEN! FOR ME  
THERE CAN BE  
ONLY ONE  
CHOICE!

...THE  
AMULET!



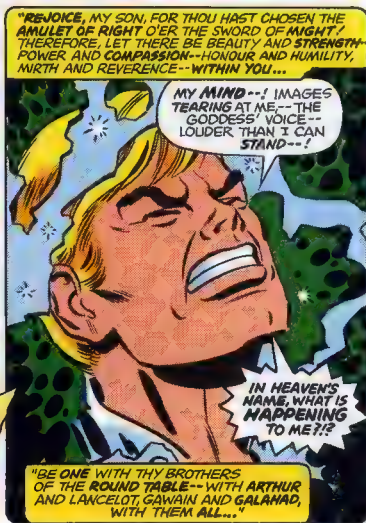
MIDNIGHT.

ON EARTH, BRIAN BRADDOCK TOUCHES A  
MYSTIC STONE THAT HAS LAIN UNTOUCHED  
WITHIN THE SEIGE PERILOUS FOR A  
THOUSAND YEARS...

...WHILE, AT THAT SAME  
MOMENT AN INFINITY AWAY,  
A BOLT OF PUREST ENERGY  
ARCS ACROSS THE FACE OF  
THE UNIVERSE...



...TO STRIKE HOME A MOMENT LATER.

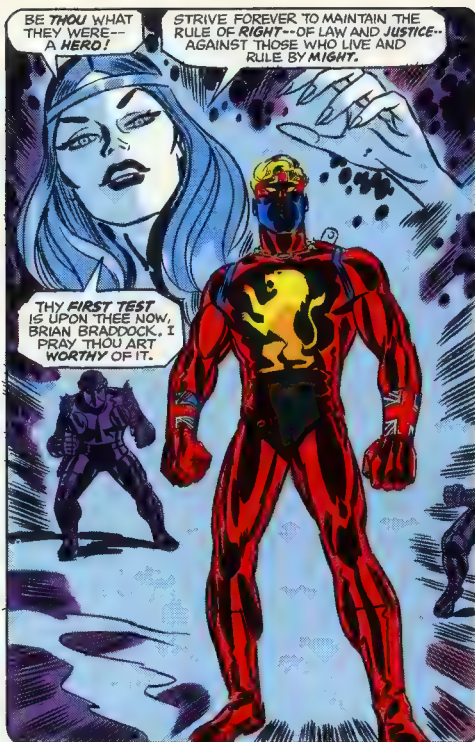


"REJOICE, MY SON, FOR THOU HAST CHOSEN THE  
AMULET OF RIGHT O'ER THE SWORD OF MIGHT!  
THEREFORE, LET THERE BE BEAUTY AND STRENGTH--  
POWER AND COMPASSION--HONOUR AND HUMILITY,  
NIRTH AND REVERENCE-- WITHIN YOU..."

MY MIND--! IMAGES  
TEARING AT ME--THE  
GODDESS' VOICE--  
LOUDER THAN I CAN  
STAND--!

IN HEAVEN'S  
NAME, WHAT IS  
HAPPENING  
TO ME?!

"BE ONE WITH THY BROTHERS  
OF THE ROUND TABLE-- WITH ARTHUR  
AND LANCELOT, GAWAIN AND GALAHAD,  
WITH THEM ALL..."



BE **THOU** WHAT  
THEY WERE--  
A **HERO**!

STRIVE FOREVER TO MAINTAIN  
THE RULE OF **RIGHT**--OF LAW AND **JUSTICE**--  
AGAINST THOSE WHO LIVE AND  
RULE BY **MIGHT**.

THY **FIRST TEST**  
IS UPON THEE NOW,  
BRIAN BRADDOCK, I  
PRAY THOU ART  
WORTHY OF IT.



**THIS--IS--  
INSANE!!**

A **SECOND** AGO, IT WAS  
AS IF MY VERY BEING  
WERE ON **FIRE**--MIND,  
BODY AND SOUL TOGETHER--  
AND NOW...

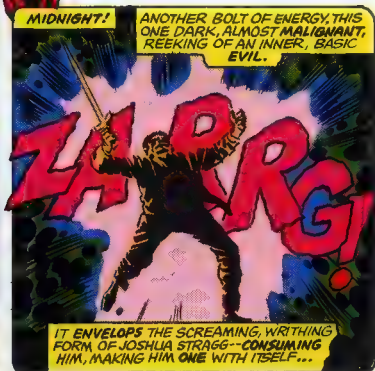
THIS **COSTUME**, APPEARING OUT  
OF **NOWHERE**--FITTING ME AS IF  
IT'S **TAILOR-MADE**--AND MY  
BODY **WITHIN** THE **COSTUME**. I  
FEEL... **BIGGER**, **FASTER**, **STRONGER**--  
LITERALLY **BURSTING** WITH  
POWER. BUT HOW--AND WHY?!!



THE BOY-HERO LOOKS **CONFUSED**.  
I'M NOT SURE I **BELIEVE** WHAT  
I'M SEEING HERE **MYSELF**...

...BUT **WHATEVER**  
**IS** GOING ON, I  
MUST STOP THAT  
COSTUMED **CLOWN**  
BEFORE HE  
STOPS ME.

AND THIS **SWORD** SEEMS AS **GOOD**  
A WEAPON AS ANY TO DO THE **DEED**--  
IF I CAN ONLY PULL IT **FREE**!



**MIDNIGHT!**

ANOTHER BOLT OF ENERGY, THIS  
ONE **DARK**, ALMOST **MALIGNANT**,  
REEKING OF AN **INNER**, **BASIC**  
**EVIL**.

IT **ENVELOPS** THE SCREAMING, WRITHING  
FORM OF JOSHUA STRAGG--**CONSUMING**  
HIM, MAKING HIM **ONE** WITH **ITSELF**...



AND--AS THE FIRST BOLT DID  
WITH BRIAN BRADDOCK--THE SECOND  
LEAVES REAVER FOREVER CHANGED.

HARRY! JOE! ALL OF YOU--  
LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED  
TO THE BOSS!

HE LOOKS LIKE  
SOME BLEEDIN'  
KNIGHT IN  
SHINING  
ARMOUR!

FORGET THE BOSS! WE'VE  
GOTTA PUT THIS SUPER-  
HERO DOWN BEFORE HE  
GETS HIS WIND UP!

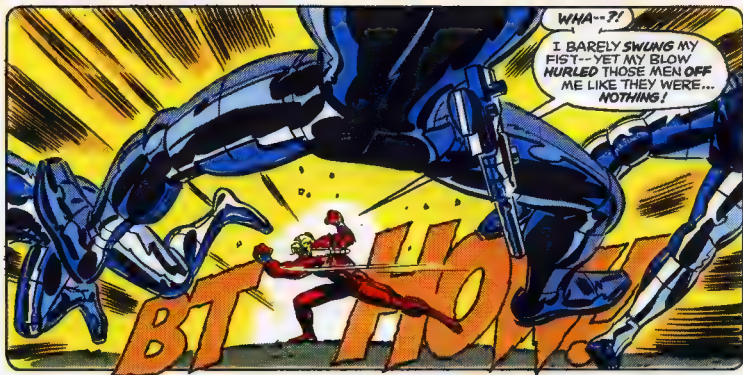
SO LET'S  
GET 'IM,  
LADS!

WHAT DID  
HE CALL  
ME--A SUPER-  
HERO...?

UNHHH--NO  
TIME TO WORRY  
ABOUT NAMES  
NOW--REAVER'S  
MEN TACKLING  
ME FROM ALL  
SIDES--TOO MANY  
TO COPE WITH--!

THAT'S IT,  
MEN! SMASH THE  
HERO DOWN!

KILL HIM!



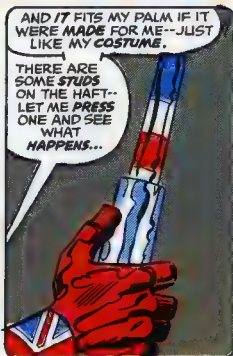
WHA--?!

I BARELY SWUNG MY FIST--YET MY BLOW HURLED THOSE MEN OFF ME LIKE THEY WERE... NOTHING!



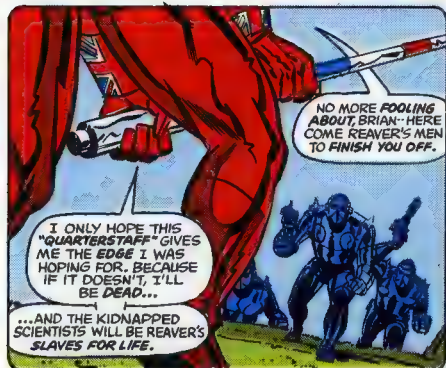
BUT ONE PUNCH WON'T WIN THIS BATTLE. THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT FOR ME TO SURMOUNT WITH FISTS ALONE.

INTERESTING--AS I THOUGHT THAT, MY HAND INSTINCTIVELY WENT TO THIS STICK-THING ON MY BACK.



AND IT FITS MY PALM IF IT WERE MADE FOR ME--JUST LIKE MY COSTUME.

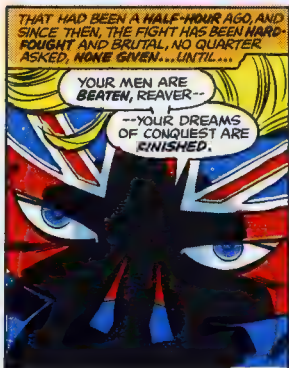
THERE ARE SOME STUFS ON THE HAFT-- LET ME PRESS ONE AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS...



NO MORE FOOLING ABOUT, BRIAN-- HERE COME REAVER'S MEN TO FINISH YOU OFF.

I ONLY HOPE THIS "QUARTERSTAFF" GIVES ME THE EDGE I WAS HOPING FOR. BECAUSE IF IT DOESN'T, I'LL BE DEAD...

...AND THE KIDNAPPED SCIENTISTS WILL BE REAVER'S SLAVES FOR LIFE.



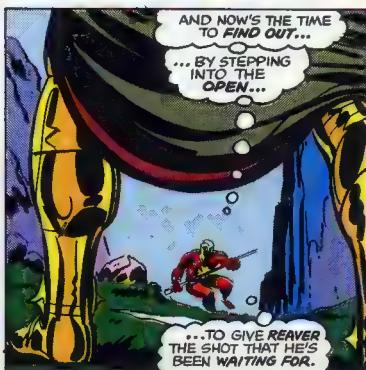
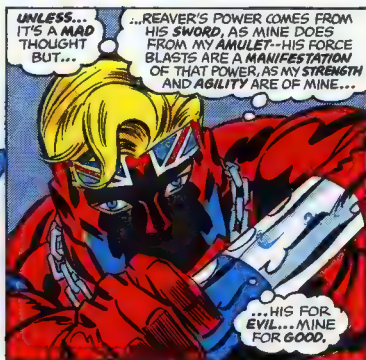
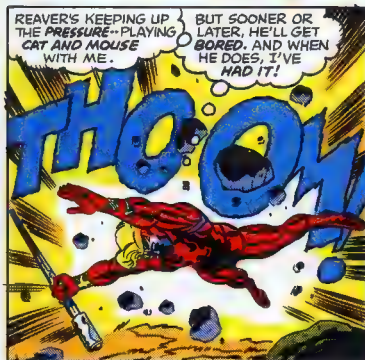
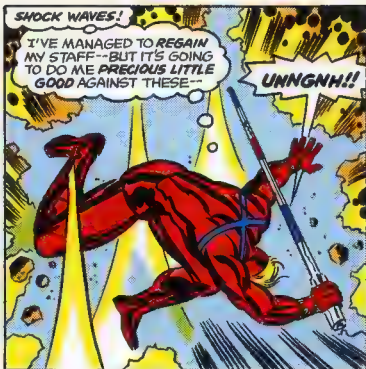
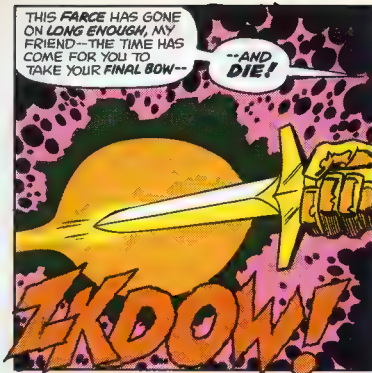
THAT HAD BEEN A HALF-HOUR AGO, AND SINCE THEN, THE FIGHT HAS BEEN HARD-FOUGHT AND BRUTAL, NO QUARTER ASKED, NONE GIVEN...UNTIL...

YOUR MEN ARE BEATEN, REAVER--

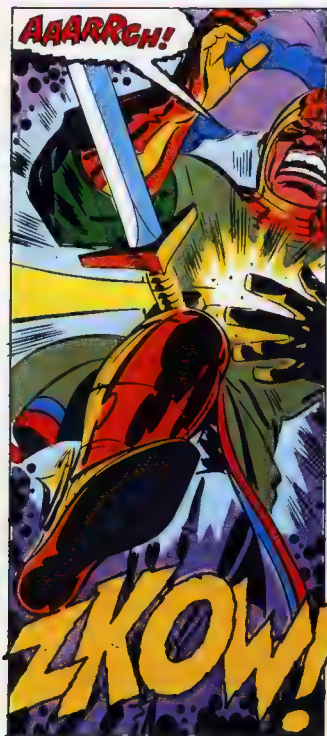
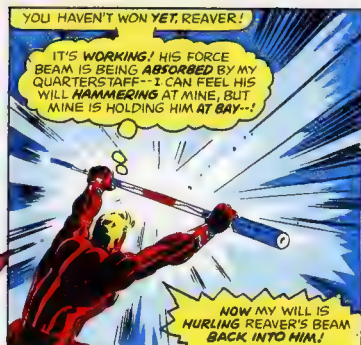
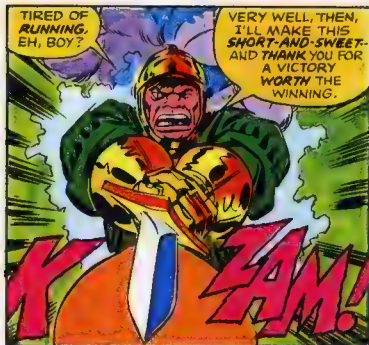
--YOUR DREAMS OF CONQUEST ARE FINISHED.











**A MARVEL MASTERWORK PIN-UP**

# CAPTAIN BRITAIN!

BORN IN FULFILLMENT OF AN  
ANCIENT DREAM--FORGED AND  
TEMPERED IN THE FIRES OF  
DEFEAT AND DEATH...

...A MAN GIFTED WITH  
SUPERIOR POWERS AND  
ABILITIES--

--HE IS THAT RAREST  
OF ALL MEN:

**A SUPER-HERO!**





Stan Lee  
PRESENTS:

# CAPTAIN BRITAIN!

CHRIS CLAREMONT  
AUTHOR

HERB TRIMPE & FRED KIDA  
ARTISTS

I. WATANABE, LETTERER  
G. ROUSSOS, COLORIST

LARRY LIEBER  
EDITOR

## MAYHEM ON A MONDAY MORNING!

THERE'D BEEN NO WARNING--ONE  
MOMENT IT WAS AN AVERAGE MONDAY  
MORNING AT THE CHAMBER'S ST. BANK--  
THE MAIN FLOOR CROWDED WITH THE  
USUAL MIXTURE OF THAMES UNIVERSITY  
STUDENTS AND DOCKYARD LABOURERS--

--AND THE NEXT  
INSTANT, ALL HELL  
BROKE LOOSE!

THOSE MEN--THEY'RE  
SMASHING THRU HERE  
LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF  
KOJAK! CAPTAIN BRITAIN  
COULD STOP THEM--

--BUT SO LONG AS I'M  
IN MY BRIAN BRADDOCK  
IDENTITY, I'M HELPLESS!

MY GOD--  
IT'S A  
ROBBERY!

SPREAD OUT,  
MATES--TAKE  
EVERYONE HERE  
HOSTAGE!

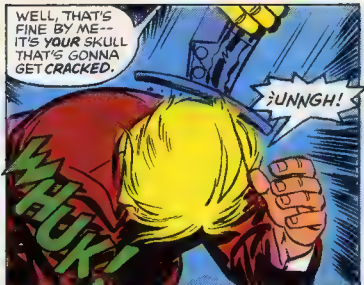
AN' IF ANYONE  
GIVES ANY TROUBLE,  
LET 'EM HAVE IT!



BUT I MUST TRY TO STOP THEM! I MUST! I'LL GO FOR THE LEADER AND HOPE HE'S NOT READY TO FACE A MURDER CHARGE...

WHAT THE--?!

TRYIN' TO PLAY HERO, EH, KID?



WELL, THAT'S FINE BY ME-- IT'S YOUR SKULL THAT'S GONNA GET CRACKED.

UNNGH!



IF ANYONE ELSE STEPS OUTTA LINE, THEY'LL GET A BULLET INSTEAD OF A RIFLE BUTT. DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR!

YOU CALLOUS--! IF YOU'VE KILLED THIS LAD--!

I HAVEN'T, MR. MANAGER--I KNOW MY TRADE BETTER'N THAT.

NOW, EVERYONE EXCEPT THE MANAGER GET UP TO THE FRONT OF THE BANK. YOU'RE ALL OUR INSURANCE, BECAUSE IF ANYONE OUTSIDE STARTS SHOOTIN', YOU LOT'LL BE THE FIRST TO GO.

COME WITH ME, MISTER-- DOWNSTAIRS TO THE MAIN SECURITY VAULT--AN' THE MILLION QUID IN GOLD STORED DOWN THERE.

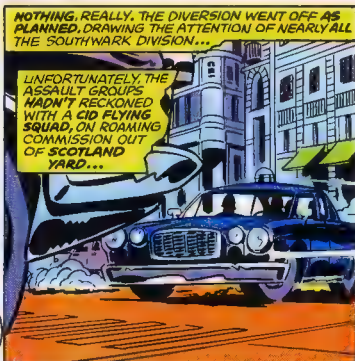




THERE ARE  
COP CARS  
COMIN'!

SOMEBODY MUST'VE  
TRIPPED A SILENT  
ALARM--!

BLAST! THERE WAS SUPPOSED  
TO BE A DIVERSION TO KEEP  
THE POLICE OCCUPIED--  
WHAT'S GONE WRONG?!



NOTHING, REALLY. THE DIVERSION WENT OFF AS  
PLANNED, DRAWING THE ATTENTION OF NEARLY ALL  
THE SOUTHWARK DIVISION...

UNFORTUNATELY, THE  
ASSAULT GROUPS  
HADN'T RECKONED  
WITH A CID FLYING  
SQUAD, ON ROAMING  
COMMISSION OUT OF  
SCOTLAND  
YARD...



PURE BAD LUCK--NO MORE, NO LESS--BUT  
THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES, SOMETIMES...

LOOK OUT!

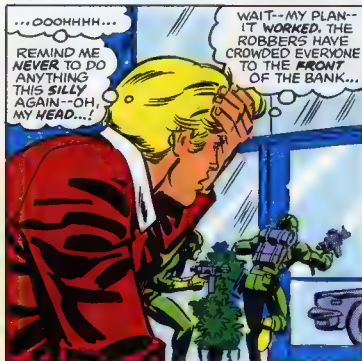
ALL YOU MEN  
GET TO COVER--  
AT THE  
DOUBLE!!

IT DON'T MATTER ANY,  
THOUGH--WE MAY HAVE  
PLANNED THIS JOB TO GO  
DOWN PEACEFULLY--

-- BUT WE'RE MORE'N  
WILLING TO MAKE A  
FIGHT OF IT IF WE  
HAVE TO!

FLAK!

SKBAM!



...OOOHHHH...  
REMAND ME  
NEVER TO DO  
ANYTHING  
THIS SILLY  
AGAIN--OH,  
MY HEAD...!

WAIT--MY PLAN--  
IT WORKED. THE  
ROBBERS HAVE  
CROWDED EVERYONE  
TO THE FRONT  
OF THE BANK...



...LEAVING ME  
ALONE BACK  
HERE IN THE  
SHADOWS--WHERE  
I'M FREE TO CHANGE  
TO CAPTAIN  
BRITAIN WITH NO  
ONE BEING THE  
WISER.

FUNNY. ALL IT TAKES IS  
A TOUCH OF MY AMULET  
AND A MENTAL IMAGE OF THE  
RING OF DARKMOOR STONES...

**CAPTAIN  
BRITAIN!**



IF ONLY I  
WERE **SURE** I  
WANTED THE  
JOB.

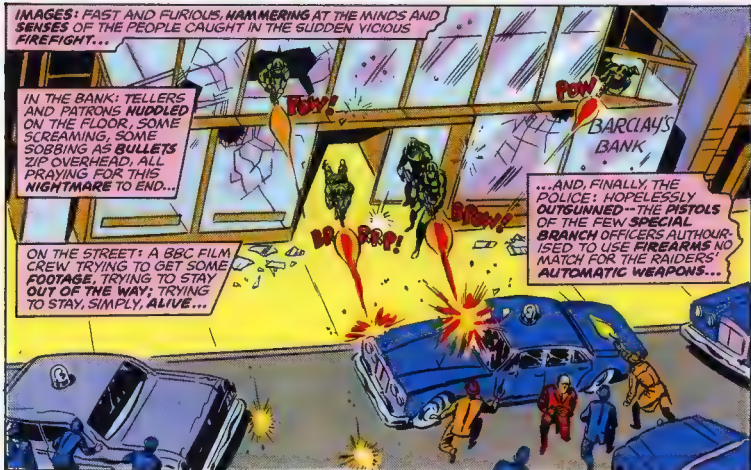
SO HELP THEM I  
SHALL; BEGINNING  
RIGHT NOW!



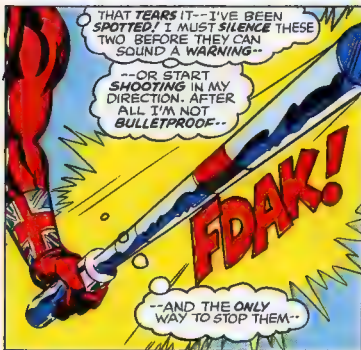
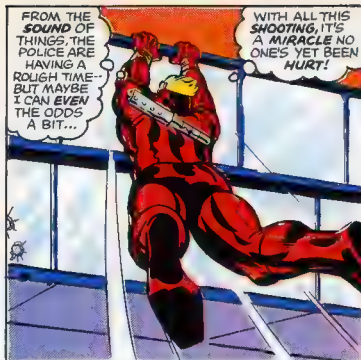
**IN THE BANK: TELLERS AND PATRONS HUDDLED ON THE FLOOR, SOME SCREAMING, SOME SOBBING AS BULLETS ZIP OVERHEAD, ALL PRAYING FOR THIS NIGHTMARE TO END...**

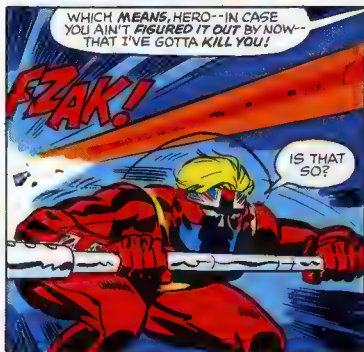
ON THE STREET: A BBC FILM CREW TRYING TO GET SOME FOOTAGE, TRYING TO STAY OUT OF THE WAY; TRYING TO STAY, SIMPLY, ALIVE...

...AND, FINALLY, THE POLICE: HOPELESSLY OUTGUNNED--THE PISTOLS OF THE FEW SPECIAL BRANCH OFFICERS AUTHORISED TO USE FIREARMS NO MATCH FOR THE RAIDERS' AUTOMATIC WEAPONS...

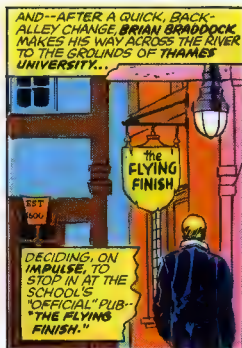
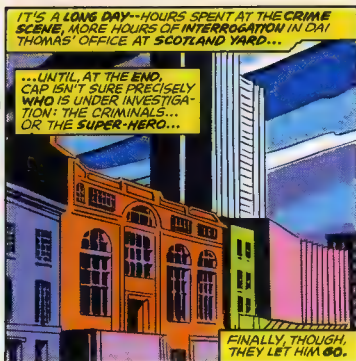














THAT'S ENOUGH OF BRIAN BRADDOCK FOR THIS ISSUE...AS WE TURN OUR ATTENTION HOUNSLOW WAY...



...TO A SHABBY INDUSTRIAL STREET JUST OFF HEATHROW...



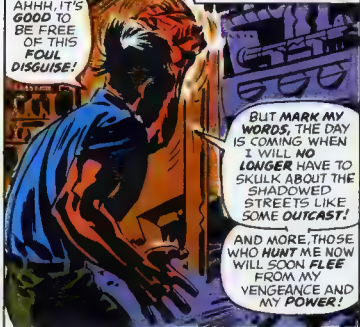
FOOL! YOU INSULT ME AT YOUR PERIL--BUT... WHAT'S THIS?!



THE MAN MOVES FASTER NOW, HIS GAIT THAT OF SOMEONE HALF HIS AGE AS HE ENTERS A LONG-DESERTED WAREHOUSE...



...AND REVEALS THAT THERE'S MORE AFOOT HERE THAN MEETS THE EYE.





# A MARVEL MASTERWORK PIN-UP



# SHIELD.



Stan Lee  
PRESENTS:

# CAPTAIN BRITAIN!

CHRIS CLAREMONT \* HERB TRIMPE & FRED KIDA \* I. WATANABE, LETTERER \* LARRY LIEBER  
AUTHOR ARTISTS M. SEVERIN, COLORIST EDITOR

MORNING, THE AUTUMN SUN HAS NOT YET RISEN OVER THE THAMES ESTUARY. THE SPRAWLING CITY OF LONDON LIES STILL AND QUIET IN PRE-DAWN DARKNESS...

IT'S A PRIVATE TIME--THE WORLD POISED BETWEEN SLEEP AND WAKEFULNESS, MUCH AS A YOUNG PHYSICIST-TURNED-SUPER-HERO HANGS POISED FIFTEEN FEET ABOVE THE FLOOR OF THAMES UNIVERSITY'S GYMNASIUM.

IT'S A TIME FOR DREAMING...AND SOUL-SEARCHING.

AFTER A WEEK COOPED UP IN CLASSROOMS AND PHYSICS LABS, IT'S GOOD TO GET INTO ACTION AGAIN...

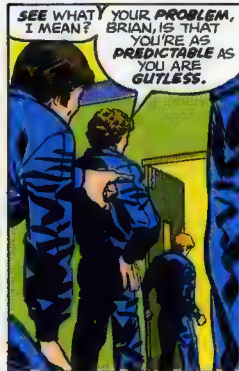
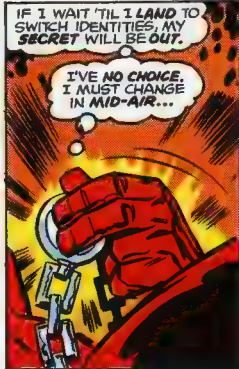
...EVEN THOUGH MY OPPONENTS ARE ONLY A VAULTING HORSE, THE ODD BALANCE BEAM, AND PARALLEL BARS...

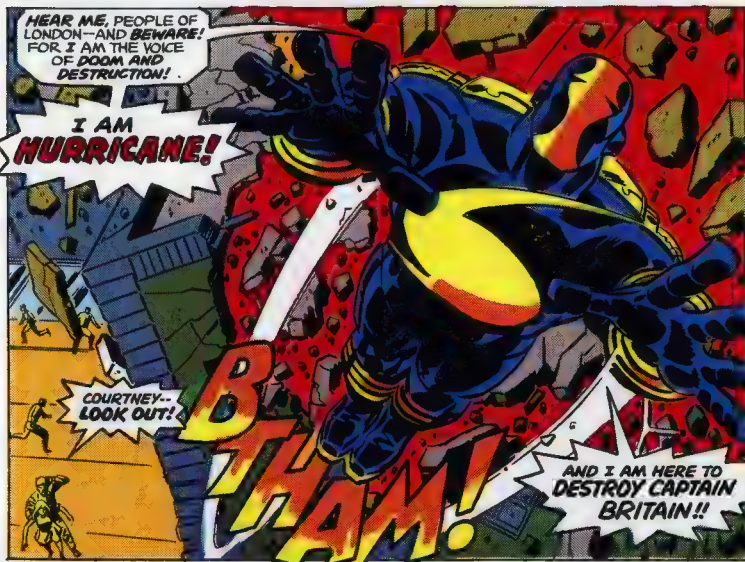
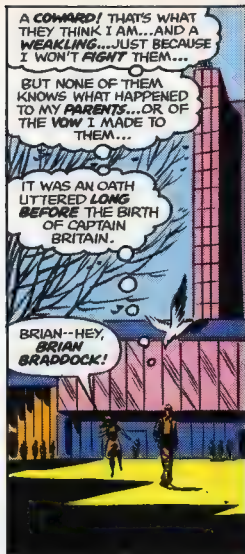
IT'S STRANGE--ALMOST FRIGHTENING,--THE EASE WITH WHICH I'VE ADAPTED TO LIFE AS A SUPER-HERO.

AS IF I'D BEEN DOING IT FOR YEARS--INSTEAD OF ONLY FOR A MONTH.

## HOUR OF THE HURRICANE!

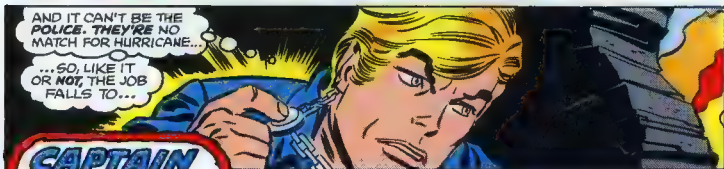




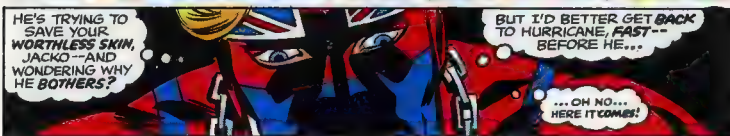
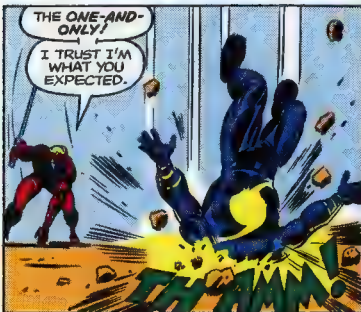
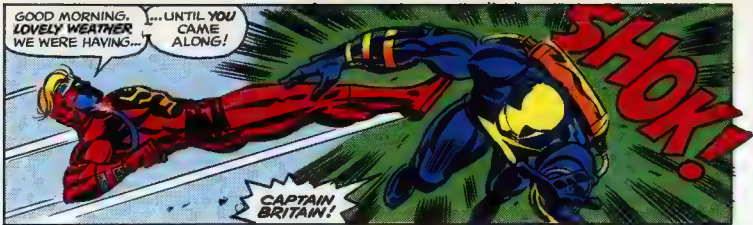












IMAGINE, IF YOU WILL, A HURRICANE. TEN METRES HIGH AND THIRTY METRES WIDE-- SWIRLING IN THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSITY GROUNDS WITH WINDS IN EXCESS OF TWO HUNDRED KNOTS...

...AND IN THE CENTRE OF ITS VORTEX--SECURE AND PROTECTED BY THE DEAD CALM OF THE STORM'S EYE--STANDS ONE LONE, LAUGHING MADMAN...

ONLY ONE WAY TO REACH HURRICANE. A FOLLY VAULT!

BUT MY JUMP HAS TO BE PERFECT.

--BECAUSE IF I MISS THE STORM'S EYE AND GET CAUGHT BY THOSE WINDS...

IT WORKED!

YOU?! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! YOU COULDN'T--

WRONG. I COULD AND DID!

HA! I TRIPPED YOU, CAPTAIN--!

--SNARED YOU IN MY WINDS!

NOW YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE!

HE'S...RIGHT! WIND...RAIN, ALWAYS STRONGEST RIGHT AROUND THE...EYE...

...BLASTED ELEMENTS HAMMERING AT ME...SMASHING ME DOWN...

...I CAN'T TAKE MUCH... MORE OF... THIS...

THE BATTLE'S QUICKLY DONE.

...AND A HERO LIES DEFEATED!

I BEAT HIM! ON MY FIRST OUTING, I DESTROYED ENGLAND'S ONLY SUPER-HERO WITH HARDLY ANY EFFORT!

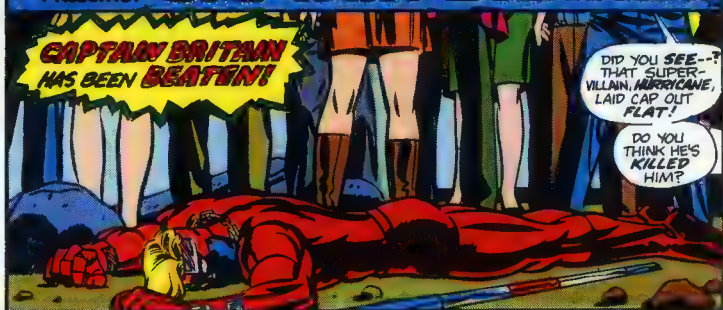
...AS I SHALL DESTROY ALL THOSE WHO DARE OPPOSE ME!

TODAY IT WAS CAPTAIN BRITAIN-- TOMORROW IT WILL BE ALL MANKIND!





# STAN LEE PRESENTS: CAPTAIN BRITAIN!



DID YOU SEE--? THAT SUPER-VILLAIN, HURRICANE, LAID CAP OUT FLAT!

DO YOU THINK HE'S KILLED HIM?

NOT TODAY, FRIEND-- THOUGH HE CAME CLOSE...

EASY, LAD-- YOU'VE BEEN KNOCKED ABOUT PRETTY HARD.

HUH? OH NO, IT'S DR. MACKENZIE, BRIAN BRADDOCK'S TUTOR!

ONE WRONG MOVE AROUND HIM AND MY SECRET IDENTITY WILL BE GONE FOR GOOD!

DR. MACKENZIE, HAVE YOU SEEN BRIAN? HE RAN INTO THE MIDDLE OF HURRICANE'S ATTACK...

...AND I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE!

YOUNG BRADDOCK? NO, I'VE NOT SEEN HIM, COURTNEY-- I'M SORRY.

WELL, I'LL BE--! FROM THE SOUND OF HER VOICE, COURTNEY ROSS CARES FOR ME!

SOUND...?

THAT BUILDING--! HURRICANE'S WINDBLASTS MUST HAVE SHATTERED THE CURTAIN WALL-- IT'S COLLAPSING!

IT'S FALLING STRAIGHT FOR COURTNEY!

LOOK OUT!

OH!

CHRIS CLAREMONT, AUTHOR • HERB TRIMPE • FRED KIDA, ARTISTS  
K. MANTLO, LETTERER • N. SEVANN COLORIST • LARRY LIEBER, EDITOR

# BTHOOH!



THE RESIDENCE HALL ISN'T THE LAST STRUCTURE TO FALL, AND AS THE MORNING WEARS ON, STUDENT AND FIRE BRIGADE RESCUE CREWS REMAIN HARD AT WORK...

... DIGGING OUT THOSE TRAPPED IN THE RUBBLE --THE LIVING...THE DEAD...

WE NEED A DOCTOR HERE-- AT THE DOBLE!

...AND THRU IT ALL, CAPTAIN BRITAIN DOES THE WORK OF A DOZEN MEN...

... IN A FASHION UNIQUELY HIS OWN.

THONK!

BUT LET'S SHIFT OUR SCENE FOR A MOMENT, MOVING ACROSS LONDON TO A WAREHOUSE IN MOUNTSLOW...

...AND A VILLAIN WE'RE COMING TO KNOW VERY WELL.

THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING, FOOLS-- A SMALL DEMONSTRATION OF WHAT MY POWER CAN DO WHEN I'M PROVOKED.

TWO YEARS AGO, THE SCIENCE BOARD LAUGHED AT ME-- AT MY THEORIES-- BUT THEY WON'T LAUGH NOW...

...WHEN I DEMAND A RANSOM OF A BILLION POUNDS IN GOLD!

BECAUSE IF MY DEMAND ISN'T MET, I'LL SIMPLY DESTROY THE CITY OF LONDON!

MEANWHILE BACK AT THAMES UNIVERSITY...

UNNNHH!

GO EASY ON YOURSELF, MISS ROSS-- AFTER ALL, I'M THE SUPER-HERO HERE, REMEMBER?

THESE ARE MY FRIENDS BURIED HERE, CAPTAIN BRITAIN... I'LL STOP WHEN THE JOB'S DONE... NOT BEFORE.

I SHOULD TELL YOU, MATE-- COUNTRY ROSS IS ONE PLUCKY LADY.

THOUGH WHY SHE WASTES HER TIME ON A WIMP LIKE BRADDOCK, I'LL NEVER KNOW.

HEY! COPPERS, FROM SCOTLAND YARD, NO LESS!



CHIEF INSPECTOR THOMAS. WE MEET AGAIN.

AN' WHEN I'M DONE WITH YOU, BOYO-- YOU'LL WISH WE HADN'T!

DAI, HOLD ON A MOMENT...



NOT THIS TIME, KATE! NOT 'TIL I'VE SAID MY PIECE TO THIS 'SUPER-HERO'. **BACK OFF, INSPECTOR-- YOU'RE TALKING AS IF I WERE RESPONSIBLE...**

I THINK YOU ARE. THIS ISN'T NEW YORK, LADY-BUCK-- AND I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU SUPER-POWERED YOBBOBS TURN LONDON INTO YOUR PRIVATE PUNCHING GROUND!



I THINK THERE'S BEEN SOME MISTAKE, CHIEF INSPECTOR...

AN' WHO MIGHT YOU BE?

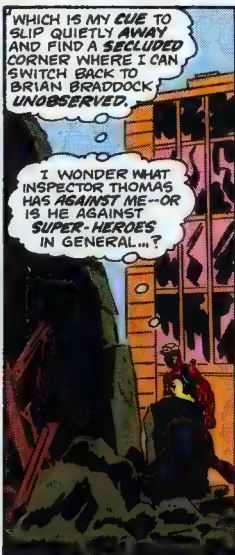
I AM DR. NEIL MACKENZIE, PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS. I TEACH HERE AND I SAW THE ENTIRE BATTLE.



IT WAS HURRICANE WHO ATTACKED THE UNIVERSITY, CAPTAIN BRITAIN WHO DEFENDED IT--

--AND MANY OF THOSE WHO'RE ALIVE NOW, OWE THEIR LIVES TO HIS ACTIONS.

TO BE BLUNT I THINK YOU'RE AFTER THE WRONG MAN...



WHICH IS MY CUE TO SLIP QUIETLY AWAY AND FIND A SECLUDED CORNER WHERE I CAN SWITCH BACK TO BRIAN BRADDOCK UNOBSERVED.

I WONDER WHAT INSPECTOR THOMAS HAS AGAINST ME--OR IS HE AGAINST SUPER-HEROES IN GENERAL...?

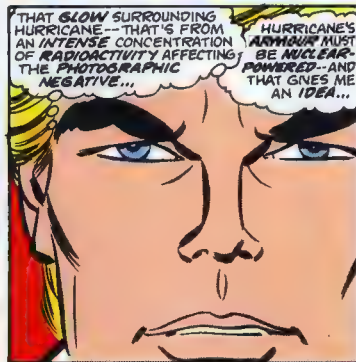


WELL, WELL, WELL--IT LOOKS LIKE OUR "HERO" IS MAKING HIMSELF SCARCE.

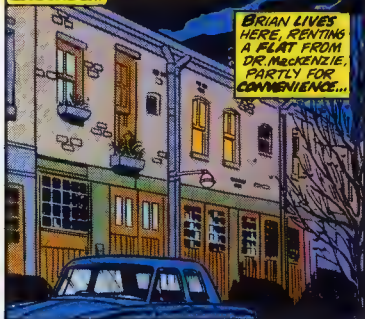
YOU'RE DAI'S ASSISTANT, KATE FRASER-- A CID DETECTIVE INSPECTOR-- YOU SHOULD AT LEAST TELL DAI.

BUT I DON'T THINK I WILL.



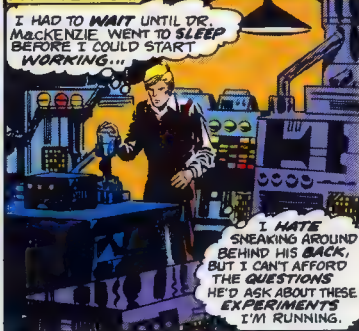


**SERAPH NEWS--A QUIET RESIDENTIAL STREET JUST OUTSIDE THE UNIVERSITY GROUNDS...**



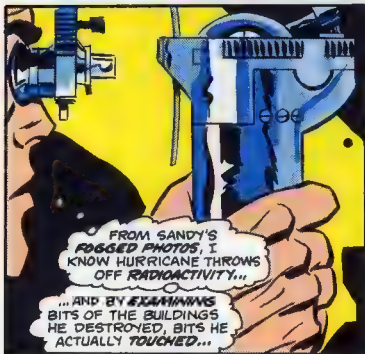
**BRIAN LIVES HERE, RENTING A FLAT FROM DR. MACKENZIE, PARTLY FOR CONVENIENCE...**

**... BUT MOSTLY FOR ACCESS TO THE PROFESSOR'S PRIVATE LAB...**



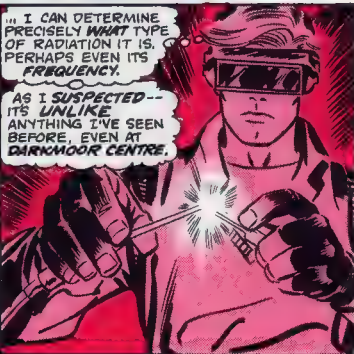
**I HAD TO WAIT UNTIL DR. MACKENZIE WENT TO SLEEP BEFORE I COULD START WORKING...**

**I HATE SNEAKING AROUND BEHIND HIS BACK, BUT I CAN'T AFFORD THE QUESTIONS HE'D ASK ABOUT THESE EXPERIMENTS I'M RUNNING.**



**FROM SANDY'S FOGGED PHOTOS, I KNOW HURRICANE THROWS OFF RADIOACTIVITY...**

**...AND BY EXAMINING BITS OF THE BUILDINGS HE DESTROYED, BITS HE ACTUALLY TOUCHED...**

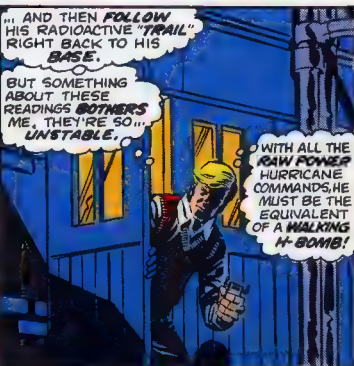


**"I CAN DETERMINE PRECISELY WHAT TYPE OF RADIATION IT IS, PERHAPS EVEN ITS FREQUENCY.**

**AS I SUSPECTED-- ITS UNLIKE ANYTHING I'VE SEEN BEFORE, EVEN AT DARKMOOR CENTRE.**



**ALL I NEED TO DO NOW IS CALIBRATE THIS TRACER TO HURRICANE'S FREQUENCY...**



**"I AND THEN FOLLOW HIS RADIOACTIVE 'TRAIL' RIGHT BACK TO HIS BASE.**

**BUT SOMETHING ABOUT THESE READINGS BOTHERS ME, THEY'RE SO UNSTABLE.**

**WITH ALL THE RAW POWER HURRICANE COMMANDS, HE MUST BE THE EQUIVALENT OF A WALKING H-BOMB!**





THE MOON'S TOUCHING THE HORIZON BY THE TIME CAP FINDS WHAT HE'S BEEN LOOKING FOR...

... AFTER A NIGHT SPENT SCRAMBLING ACROSS THE VAST EXpanse OF LONDON BETWEEN THAMES UNIVERSITY AND HEATHROW-- ONLY SIXTEEN MILES AS A SUPER-VILLAIN FLIES--

-- FOLLOWING A RADIOACTIVE TRAIL SO FAINT AT TIMES AS TO BE PRACTICALLY NON-EXISTENT. STILL, HIS PERSISTENCE HAS PAID OFF...

... FOR HE'S FOUND NOT ONLY HURRICANE'S BASE, BUT THE VILLAIN HIMSELF!

IT WILL BE DAWN SOON -- AND WITH THIS DAWN MY REIGN OF TERROR BEGINS!

WHAT SHALL I DESTROY FIRST-- PARLIAMENT?

NO, BIG BEN'S ALREADY BROKEN.

TOWER BRIDGE? THE PALACE ITSELF?

WHICHEVER I CHOOSE, THESE FOOLS WILL KNOW -- NOW AND FOREVER -- THAT MINE IS THE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH ITSELF-- EH?!?

WHAT'S THAT--?!

I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING ON THE ROOF --BLAST THIS ARMOUR, IT KEEPS ME SAFE BUT CUTS MY HEARING BY HALF!

WAIT! THERE'S THE NOISE AGAIN-- SOMEONE IS PROWLING ABOUT.

WELL, THAT "SOMEONE" IS ABOUT TO GET THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE.

NOT SO, HURRICANE -- IT'S YOU WHO'LL BE GETTING THE SURPRISES TONIGHT...

... BECAUSE CAPTAIN BRITAIN IS HERE TO END YOUR MADNESS ONCE AND FOR ALL--

--OR DIE TRYING!

UNNNNGH!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 47

KOW!



A MARVEL  
MASTERWORK  
PIN-UP

# DR. STRANGE

MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS



BUDIANSKY & ADKINS

STAN LEE  
PRESENTS:

# CAPTAIN BRITAIN!

## HAVOC AT HEATHROW!

CHRIS CLAREMONT, WRITER  
HERB TRIMPE & FRED KIDA,  
ARTISTS,  
I. WATANABE, LETTERER  
MARIE SEVERIN, COLORIST  
LARRY LIEBER, EDITOR

THE SCENE IS A  
HIDEOUT ON THE FRINGE OF  
HEATHROW/LONDON AIRPORT.

IT TOOK ME  
HALF THE NIGHT  
TO TRACK DOWN  
HURRICANE--

--BUT NOW  
THAT I'VE FOUND  
HIM, I'VE GOT TO  
KNOCK HIM OUT  
OF ACTION...

...BEFORE  
HE SMASHES  
ME TO A  
PULP!

BUT THAT'S EASIER  
SAID THAN DONE!



FOOL--! MY ARMOUR  
PROTECTS ME FROM YOUR  
STRONGEST BLOWS...

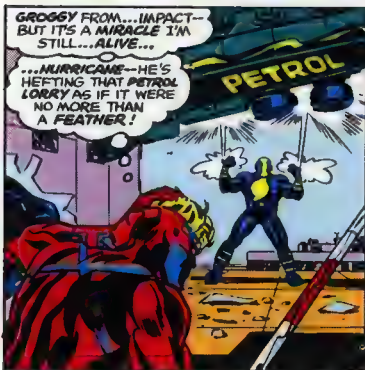
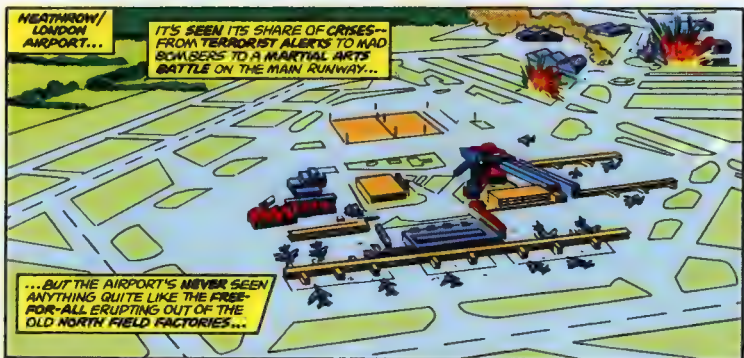
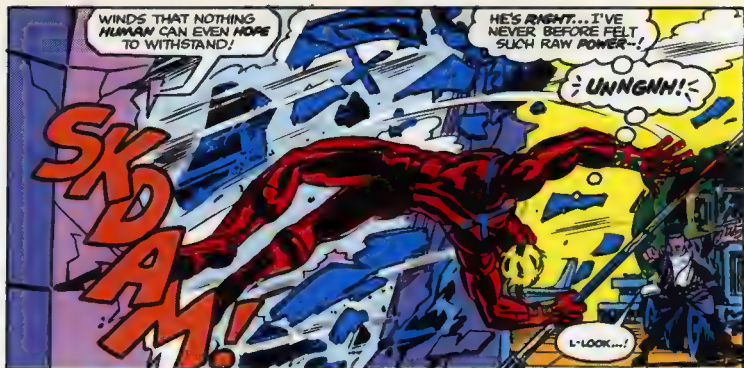
...BUT NOTHING  
CAN PROTECT  
YOU--

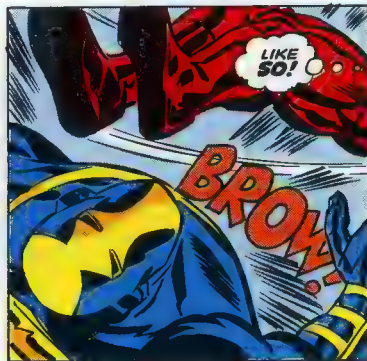
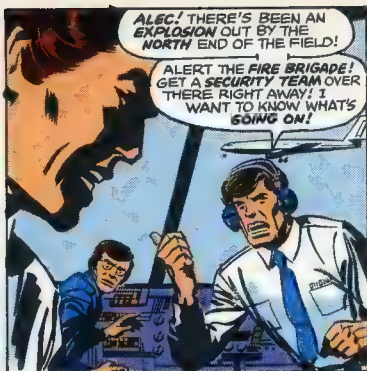
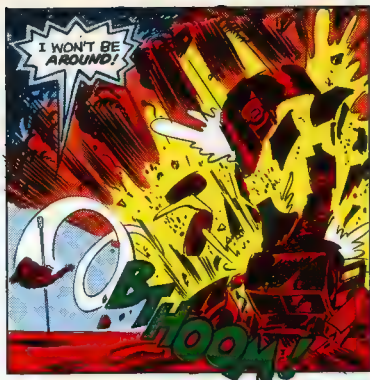
--FROM THE  
POWER OF  
HURRICANE'S  
WIND-  
BLASTS!



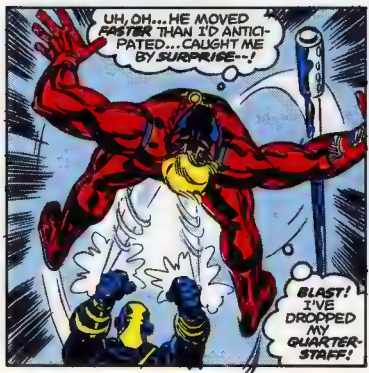
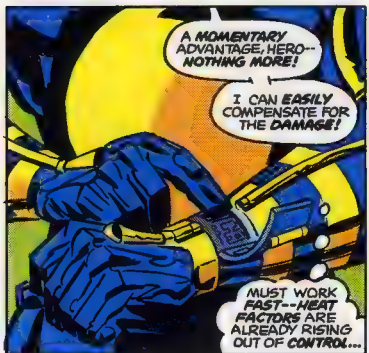
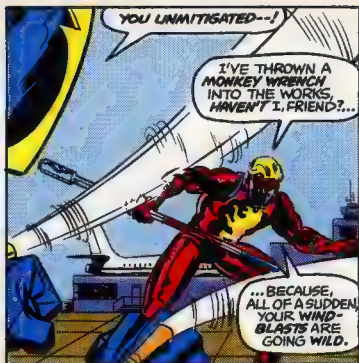
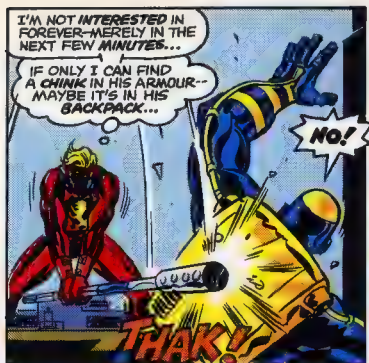
WIND BLASTS  
MIGHTY  
ENOUGH TO  
THRUST A  
PIECE OF  
STRAW THRU  
THE TRUNK  
OF AN OAK!

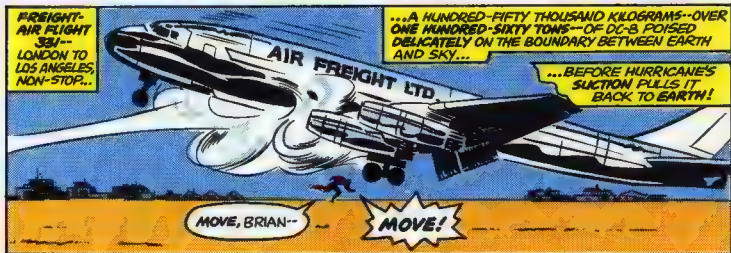
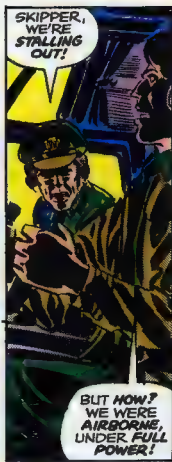
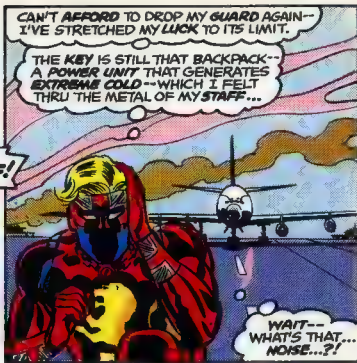




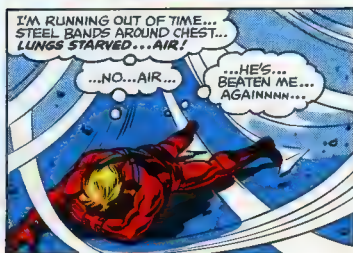
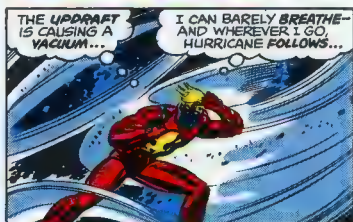
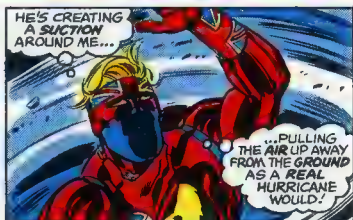
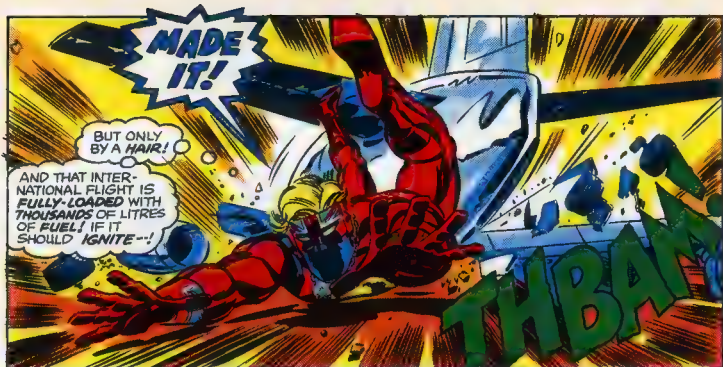


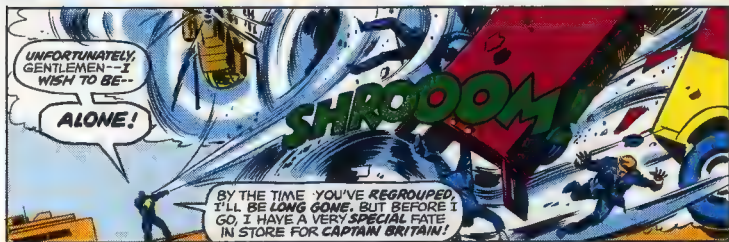
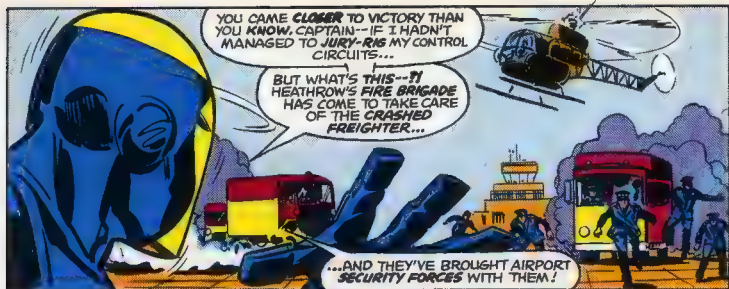

















**Four human beings--changed by  
space-born cosmic rays into something  
more than merely human.**

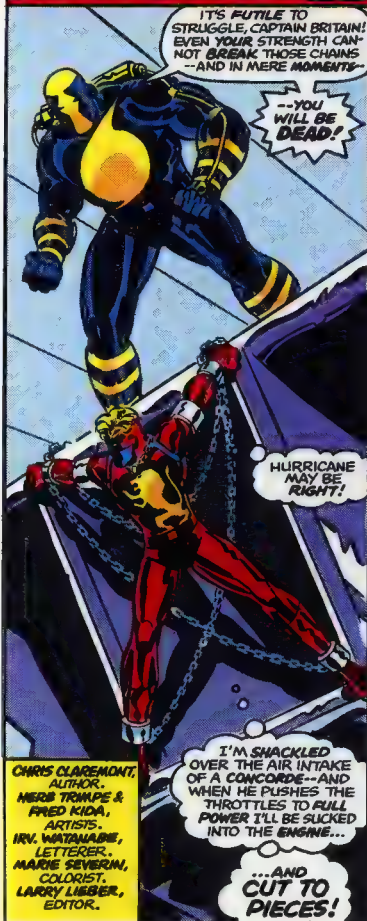
**So was born The Fantastic Four--  
and from that moment on, the world  
would never again be the same.**

WHEN STUDENT-PHYSICIST BRIAN BRADDOCK RUBS HIS MYSTIC AMULET, HE TRANSFORMS INTO  
BRITAIN'S SUPER-HEROIC CHAMPION OF JUSTICE...

Stan Lee  
PRESENTS:

**CAPTAIN BRITAIN!**

# WIND OF DEATH!



IT'S FUTILE TO STRUGGLE, CAPTAIN BRITAIN! EVEN YOUR STRENGTH CAN NOT BREAK THOSE CHAINS--AND IN MERE MOMENTS--

--YOU WILL BE DEAD!

HURRICANE MAY BE RIGHT!

I'M SHACKLED OVER THE AIR INTAKE OF A CONCORDE--AND WHEN HE PUSHES THE THROTTLES TO FULL POWER I'LL BE SUCKED INTO THE ENGINE...

...AND CUT TO PIECES!

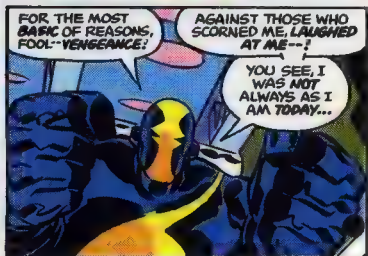
CHRIS CLAREMONT, AUTHOR.  
MIKE TRIMPE & FRED KIDA, ARTISTS.  
IRV. WATANABE, LETTERER.  
MARIE SEVERIN, COLORIST.  
LARRY LIEBER, EDITOR.



MUST STALL FOR TIME...TIME TO THINK OF A WAY OUT! C'MON, CHLW, USE YOUR FAMOUS BRADDOCK BRAIN--!

IF I'M TO DIE, HURRICANE, AT LEAST TELL ME THE REASON--!

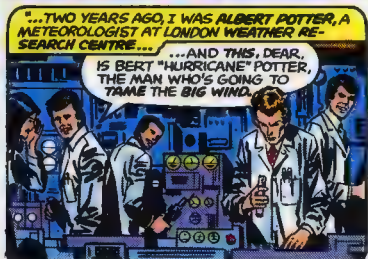
YOU OBVIOUSLY HAVE GENIUS! WHY USE IT CRIMINALLY?



FOR THE MOST BASIC OF REASONS, FOOL--VENGEANCE!

AGAINST THOSE WHO SCORNMED ME, LAUGHED AT ME--!

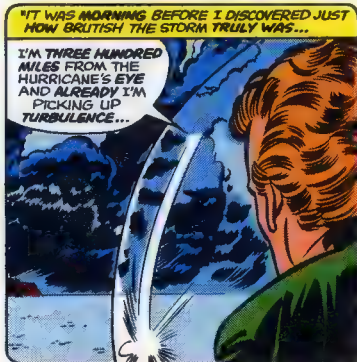
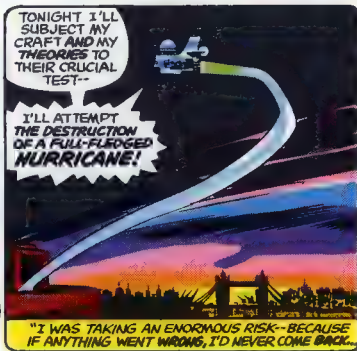
YOU SEE, I WAS NOT ALWAYS AS I AM TODAY...



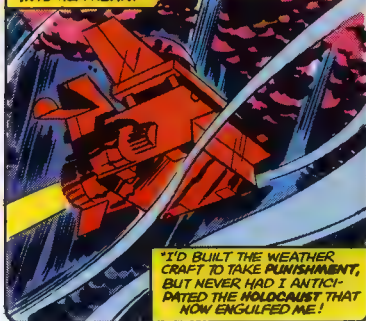
...TWO YEARS AGO, I WAS ALBERT POTTER, A METEOROLOGIST AT LONDON WEATHER RE-SEARCH CENTRE...

...AND THIS, DEAR, IS BERT "HURRICANE" POTTER, THE MAN WHO'S GOING TO TAME THE BIG WIND.





"IT WAS HURRICANE LINDA--ONE OF THE WORST STORMS IN MODERN HISTORY--AND I WAS FLYING INTO HER HEART..."



"I'D BUILT THE WEATHER CRAFT TO TAKE PUNISHMENT, BUT NEVER HAD I ANTICIPATED THE HOLOCAUST THAT NOW ENGULFED ME!"

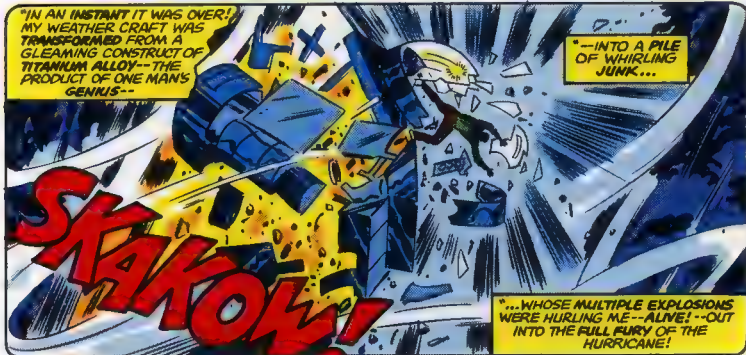
"STILL, ALL SYSTEMS WERE OPERATING AS EXPECTED, UNTIL..."



LIGHTNING-- REPEATEDLY HITTING THE SHIP--AS THOUGH THE STORM WERE ACTUALLY ATTACKING ME! OH, NO--

THE POWER CELLS ARE SHORTING OUT--OVERLOADING... THE CIRCUITS ARE GENERATING AN ENERGY FEEDBACK!

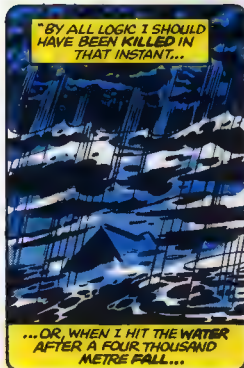
"IN AN INSTANT IT WAS OVER! MY WEATHER CRAFT WAS TRANSFORMED FROM A GLEAMING CONSTRUCT OF TITANIUM ALLOY--THE PRODUCT OF ONE MAN'S GENIUS--



"--INTO A PILE OF WHIRLING JUNK..."

"...WHOSE MULTIPLE EXPLOSIONS WERE HURLING ME--ALIVE!--OUT INTO THE FULL FURY OF THE HURRICANE!"

"BY ALL LOGIC I SHOULD HAVE BEEN KILLED IN THAT INSTANT..."



"...OR, WHEN I HIT THE WATER AFTER A FOUR THOUSAND METRE FALL..."

"BUT BY SOME STRANGE PNEUMONIA--SOME INEXPLICABLE QUIRK OF NATURE--



"I SURVIVED!"

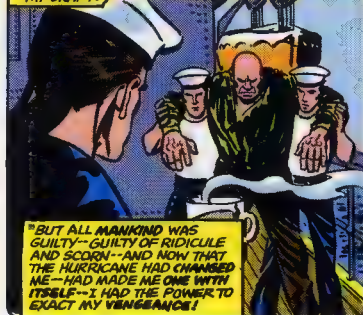
"SURVIVED, TO BE RESCUED TWO DAYS LATER FROM SPENT SEAS."



"SURVIVED, CLUTCHING THE CONVICTION THAT MY CRAFT HAD NOT BEEN DESTROYED BY HUMAN ERROR--BUT BY SABOTAGE!"

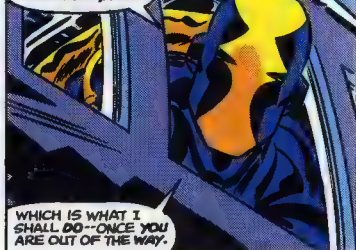


"SOMEONE AT THE CENTRE, ENVOUS OF THE GLORY THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN MINE, HAD SABOTAGED MY CRAFT!"



"BUT ALL MANKIND WAS GUILTY--GUILTY OF RIDICULE AND SCORN--AND NOW THAT THE HURRICANE HAD CHANGED ME--HAD MADE ME ONE WITH ITSELF--I HAD THE POWER TO EXACT MY VENGEANCE!"

I HID FROM MY UNSUSPECTING ENEMIES UNTIL MY PLAN WAS READY. OVER THE FOLLOWING MONTHS, I EXPLORED MY AWESOME POWER...



I FOCUSED IT, REFINED IT, TURNED IT INTO A WEAPON CAPABLE OF BRINGING THE WORLD TO ITS KNEES.

WHICH IS WHAT I SHALL DO--ONCE YOU ARE OUT OF THE WAY.

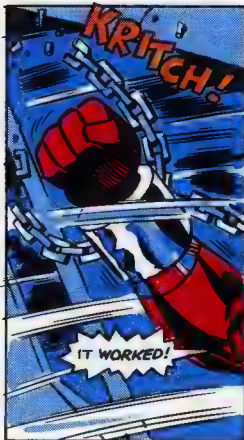
HE'S STARTED THE ENGINE!

THE WIND FORCE--IT'S TEARING AT ME! SOMEONE'S CERTAIN TO HEAR THE JET WHINE--

--BUT BY THE TIME THEY ARRIVE, IT'LL BE TOO LATE. I MUST ESCAPE ON MY OWN!

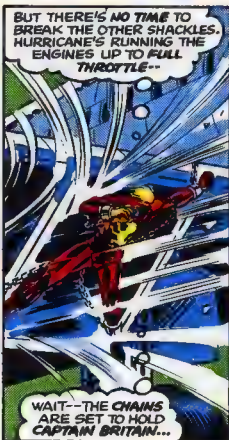


I'LL SNAP MY ARM FORWARD, AND HOPE THAT THE SHOCK SHATTERS THE CHAIN...



IT WORKED!

BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO BREAK THE OTHER SHACKLES. HURRICANE'S RUNNING THE ENGINES UP TO FULL THROTTLE--

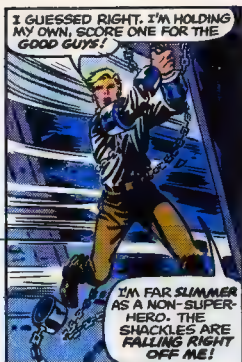


WAIT--THE CHAINS ARE SET TO HOLD CAPTAIN BRITAIN...

...NOT BRIAN BRADDOCK.

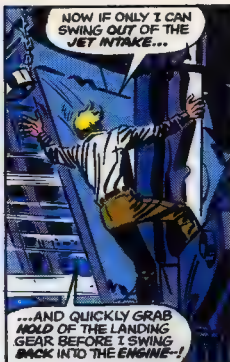


I ONLY HOPE BRIAN CAN WITHSTAND THE TREMENDOUS SUCTION.



I GUESSED RIGHT. I'M HOLDING MY OWN. SCORE ONE FOR THE GOOD GUYS!

I'M FAR SLIMMER AS A NON-SUPER-HERO. THE SHACKLES ARE FALLING RIGHT OFF ME!



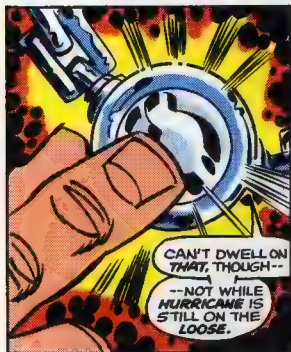
NOW IF ONLY I CAN SWING OUT OF THE JET INTAKE...

...AND QUICKLY GRAB HOLD OF THE LANDING GEAR BEFORE I SWING BACK INTO THE ENGINE--!



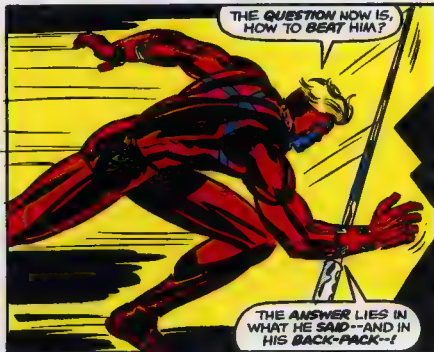
MADE IT! NOW TO DROP TO THE GROUND...

I'M DOWN... BUT I FEEL LIKE ALL MY BONES HAVE BEEN PULLED APART.



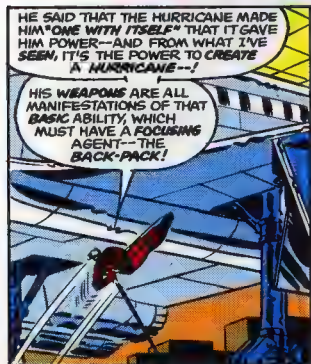
CAN'T DWELL ON THAT, THOUGH--

--NOT WHILE HURRICANE IS STILL ON THE LOOSE.



THE QUESTION NOW IS, HOW TO BEAT HIM?

THE ANSWER LIES IN WHAT HE SAID--AND IN HIS BACK-PACK--!



HE SAID THAT THE HURRICANE MADE HIM "ONE WITH ITSELF" THAT IT GAVE HIM POWER--AND FROM WHAT I'VE SEEN, IT'S THE POWER TO CREATE A HURRICANE--!

HIS WEAPONS ARE ALL MANIFESTATIONS OF THAT BASIC ABILITY, WHICH MUST HAVE A FOCUSING AGENT--THE BACK-PACK!



SO FAR, SO GOOD--THE WING BLOCKS ANY VIEW OF THE AIR INTAKE FROM THE COCKPIT...

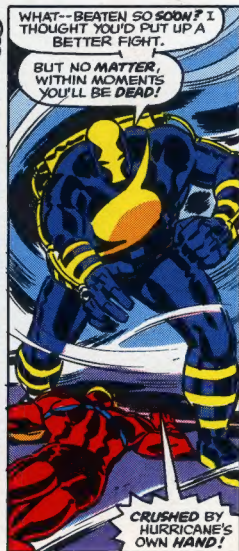
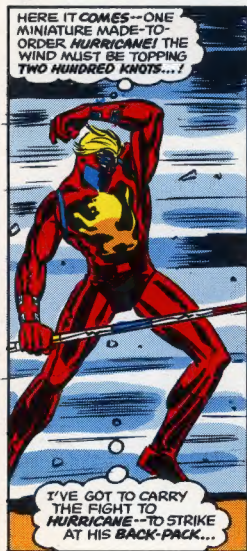
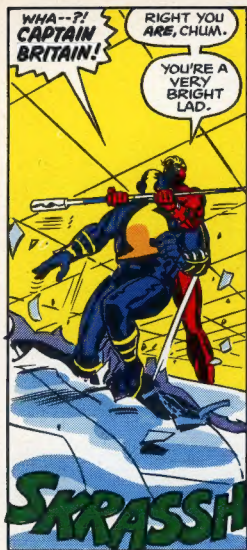
...SO HURRICANE HAS NO WAY OF KNOWING THAT I'M STILL ALIVE!



AND THE LAST THING HE'S EXPECTING IS FOR ME TO ATTACK!

TO OW!







MY GAMBIT WORKED! I COULDN'T REACH HURRICANE THROUGH ALL THAT WIND...

...SO I FEIGNED UNCONSCIOUSNESS TO MAKE HIM COME TO ME!

WHA--



IF... I CAN HOLD ON JUST LONG ENOUGH TO LEVER THE PACK OFF HIM...

VOILA!

SHAK!

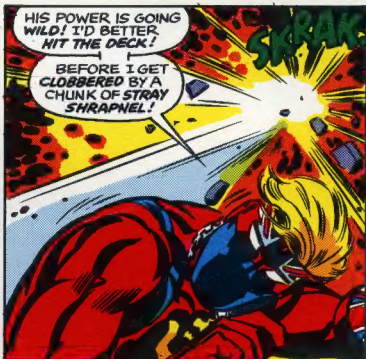
NO!



NOW-- WHILE HE'S STUNNED AND CONFUSED... I'LL RAM MY STAFF UNDER HIS BACK-PACK...

UNHH-- THE COLD! IT'S NUMBING ME EVEN THRU MY GLOVES!

BUT THAT MEANS MY GUESS ABOUT THE PACK WAS ...RIGHT...!



HIS POWER IS GOING WILD! I'D BETTER HIT THE DECK!

BEFORE I GET CLOBBERED BY A CHUNK OF STRAY SHRAPNEL!

SKRAK!



THE BATTLE'S OVER.

DEPRIVED OF A COOLING SYSTEM FOR DRAWING OFF HIS TREMENDOUS BODY HEAT-- HEAT THAT EVEN HIS BODY COULDN'T COPE WITH--

--HURRICANE LITERALLY BURNED HIMSELF OUT!



HERE COME THE AIRPORT SECURITY PEOPLE TO TIDY THINGS UP.

POOR, HAPLESS ALBERT POTTER! HE HAD SO MUCH GENIUS! HE COULD HAVE DONE SO MUCH TO HELP MANKIND...

...BUT INSTEAD, HE CHOSE TO THROW IT ALL AWAY.

FIN







